The Answer, Universally

She reaches down and grabs me, still erect, after hours, making a sound that is meant to communicate disappointment and the doting care of a nurse cleaning the shrapnel wounds of a soldier in a maze of makeshift hospital tents. Instead, it emphasizes her detachment and the impossibility of anything but antagonistic sarcasm spilling from her - anywhere.

This is normalcy. The psychopath archetype observing the rarest frequency of human evolution - one capable of empathy, memory, an indefinite attention span, imagination instead of mimicry, intelligence instead of placation, self-determination instead of following the paths of least resistance - and aping what it arrogantly and cluelessly determines to be the same. A hollow recitation of plagiarized lines to an audience of which it will never read the reviews.

I have spent years avoiding the touch of anyone, even accidental - a careless brush in a grocer's aisle. When you are special, as something that isn't a bipedal monstrosity is, contact with the condemned and rotting undead plague is revolting. They are everywhere. In all forms of media. In the apartments attached to yours. In the cars on the highway.

"Awww. You're not happy."

Ironically, she is correct, though of course it is the programmed response of an NPC in an online role playing game, albeit one that is rarely elicited. The words, as a consequence, are mangled in diction, the memory being recreated to produce them long since mangled itself by far more useful data such as how to embezzle and profit from every form of contact with another biped.

Nothing has been shared, not even time. I can feel the microbes that have been left from contact with her being assassinated with repulsive disgust on my skin. Listerine and its equivalents have long been one of my essential purchases, of which there are few.

Never again will I waste my time. The paid for interaction with a sex worker is an honest transaction. This is deceit on many levels, and disgusting and sinful because of this.

No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they? There is no one I know who can fathom what love is, who has any clue what the pain caused by the forced absence of my betrothed and friend of almost forty years has caused and is causing. Every single person I have ever met is incapable of understanding what a loving, meaningful, mutually beneficial relationship is or could be. There is no evidence that this will ever change.

If no one will do their job, occupationally or in a fulfilling role as one of my species, then I am forced to.

Every nation on Earth maintains armed services with their taxbase, even the smallest one, Vatican City. That means that every taxpayer on the planet has agreed that there are questions that are answered correctly with 'murder'.

Murder is always the answer, universally.